GREAT SYNDICATE WHOLESALE CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS

offer at the store of

BROADWAY. TUESDAY, DEC.

THOUSAND DOLLARS' OF CLOTHING. WORTH

One of the firms who form the great CLOTHING SYNDICATE make a specialty of manufacturing FINE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING. Their goods are known all over the country for superiority of finish and elegance of design. Retailers pay 15 to 25 per cent. higher prices for goods made by this house than for the productions of other manufacturers, because the firm name is a guarantee that every garment they sell is of the latest and most original style and of the very best quality. This firm place \$50,000.00 worth of their finest garments on our tables to-day. We shall mark them at one-half the usual wholesale price in order to make a grand success of

NOTE A FEW OF THE BARCAINS WE DISPLAY:

(4 to 12 years), Warm and Heavy, Worth Six Dollars, at Ninety Cents.	CHINCHILLA OVERCOATS for Boys (8 to 18 years), Worth Ten Dollars, at \$2.75.	SUPERB KERSEY OVERCOATS for Boys (8 to 18 years), Worth Sixteen Dollars, at \$4.75.	ASTRAKAN OVERCOATS for Children (4 to 8 years), Worth Twenty Dollars, at \$7.90.	CAPE OVERCOATS for Boys (4 to 13 years), Beautiful Plaids and Checks, Worth Twelve Dollars, at \$2.25.	EXTRA HEAVY ULSTERS for Boys (8 to 18 years) Worth Fifteen Dollars, at \$5.75.	ELEGANT DRESS OVERCOATS for Youths (12 to 18 years), Kersey, Melton, Diagonal, Worth \$25, at \$9.00.
SCHOOL SUITS for Boys (4 to 12 years), Winter Weight, Worth Eight Dollars, at \$1.50.	SCHOOL SUITS for Boys (4 to 12 years), Fine Cassimeres, Worth Twelve Dollars, at \$3.75.	TAILOR-MADE SUITS for Boys (6 to 15 years), Fashionable Patterns, Worth Eighteen Dollars, at \$5.00.	KILT SUITS for Children (3 to 8 years), Latest Designs, Worth Nine Dollars, at \$2.50.	THREE-PIECE SUITS for Boys (8 to 14 years), Cheviots and Tricots, Worth Fifteen Dollars, at \$3.50.	DRESS SUITS for Boys (8 to 14 years). Imported Goods, Worth Eighteen Dollars, at \$5.00.	EXTRA FINE SUITS for Boys (S to 18 years), Elegant Sultings, Worth Twenty-five Dollars, at \$7.50.
KNEE PANTS for Boys (4 to 13 years) extra Heavy, worth Two Dollars, at 20 CENTS.	ALL-WOOL KNEE PANTS for Boys (4 to 13 years) Worth Two Dollars, at 90 Cents.	WORKING SUITS for Youths (4 to 18 years) Worth Twelve Dollars, at \$3,25.	BUSINESS SUITS for Youths (14 to 18 years) Sack or Cutaway Coats, Worth Eighteen Dollars, at \$6.50.	DRESS SUITS for Youths (14 to 15 years) Imported Suitings, Worth Thirty Dollars, at \$9.00.	TROUSERS for Youths (12 to 18 Years) Fashionable Patterns, Worth Four Dollars, at \$1.75.	DRESS TROUSERS for Youths (12 to 18 years) Finest Quality, Worth Six Dollars, at \$2.75.

TUESDAY.

Chinchillas, Kerseys, Meltons, Cheviots and Beavers, some silk and satin-lined, cut in "Sacks," "Surtouts," "Ulsters" and "Cape Coats," all colors and patterns, including the latest and most fashionable designs, Regular tailor-made, perfect-fitting garments. We offer your choice of three thousand elegant overcoats at a special price for Tuesday, Dec. 20, only, of

> TEN DOLLARS.

We guarantee the absolute truth of every statement in this advertisement, and as fast as we can mark goods we shall pile our counters with the most elegant garments that can be produced. We are determined to offer the greatest Christmas Attractions ever known. Watch daily papers for further developments.

The Leading Clothiers, 627 and 629 Broadway, near Bleecker Street. OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK.



door she had looked at the marble clock on the mantel-shelf and noticed that it was thirteen minutes after 5. Mr. Peterson was a very methodical man and invariably came in at 5 sharp. It was the delay that made his wife remember the time so accurately. Mrs. Peterson told the police afterwards that she thought her husband carried a small package when he went upstairs, but she was not sure of it.

Mrs. Peterson's visitor left for home at 5.30. of it.

Mrs. Peterson's visitor left for home at 5.30.

and Mrs. Peterson went to the nursery to see if Blanche and Harry were getting ready for dinner. Then she went to her own room to dress.
At 6.15 a chambermaid coming downstairs

saw standing in the hallway a very stout man, about whose shoulders was thrown a red table cover. She screamed, and the stout

red table cover. She screamed and the stout-man, who appeared to be on his way to the front door, quickened his steps, drew back the bolts as readily as though he had been accustomed to them, and went out. This was all that the police could learn from the family of what had happened before the disappearance of Mr. Peterson was dis-covered.

The appearance of the stout visitor in the The appearance of the stout visitor in the hall alarmed the chambermaid, who ran at once to the kitchen, where she spoke of him to the cook. The two women hurried to the basement door and looked up and down the street. The stout man was not in sight. The street. The stout man was not in sight. The dining-room silver was all right and nothing had been disturbed in the parior. The cook went back to the kitchen and the chamber-maid hurried upstairs again to Mrs. Peterson's room, where she related what she had seen. "It was plain that a visitor would not call arrayed in a table cover," Mrs. Peterson said, and she did not have any acquaintance answering to the stout man's description. So she put on a wrapper and wentlen. tion. So she put on a wrapper and went to tell Mr. Peterson about it.

to tell Mr. Peterson about it.

The library door opened readily. The droplight was burning, and its green shade did not make the room look very cheerful. Mr. Peterson was not there. His overcoat and hat were on the lounge, and on the floor in front of the mirror, between the two bookcases opposite the door, lay some fragments of glass and a piece of rubber tubing. There were drops of blood on the floor, and a blood-stained handkerchief lay on a chair. The red table cover that had been on the big library table was missing.

TRIED FOR HIS OWN MURDER.

[Written for The World by S. S. C.]

T was just beginning to drizzle when Mr. Andrew Peterson, commission merchant, let himself into his house with his latch-key. He walked through the hall without a look towards the parlor near the open doorway of which Mrs. Peterson sate entertaining a visitor and went directly upstairs to the library. Mrs. Peterson heard the library door close and thought that she heard door she had looked at the marble clock on the mantel-shelf and noticed that it was the coped daround them both. The girl said she was sure that its was not the case.

After this Mrs. Peterson was a count of the hall was not the case.

After this Mrs. Peterson was closely questioned as to her husband's habits. Did she time that he had cloped with another years.

and eyes, weight, and for any marks or peculiarities by which he might be identified. Before they went away they instructed Mrs. Peterson not to give any information to the press about the absent man, or to tell any-thing except that Mr. Peterson was missing. That, of course, was necessary. They believed that agreat crime had been committed, and they would bring the guilty to justice. Secrety, however, was absolutely necessary. Would she offer a reward tor her husband's recovery? How much? Five hundred dollars would be sufficient.

ufficient.
This advertisement appeared in half a

dozen papers on the morning following Mr.
Peterson's disappearance:
\$500 REWARD for any information of the
whereabouts of Andrew Peterson; 34 years
old; height, 5 feet 11 inches; brown hair; gray eyes;
smooth face; he weighed 130 pounds and looked very
stender; were a diagonal frock coat and vest and dark
striped trousers.

At the bottom of the advertisement was the name and address of Mr. Peterson's lawyer. A large number of reporters called on the lawyer that day and evening, and they also visited Mrs. Feterson at her home. The in-structions of the detectives in regard to details were carried out, and all the informa-One enterprising reporter, however, peared. who had been unable to get any information who had been unable to get any inhormation at the upstairs door, came back an hour later, and knocked at the basement door. The cook opened it. He did not ask her any questions at first, but finally brought the dis-appearance of Mr. Peterson into the conver-

ition. He didn't appear a bit anxious to know about it. A few judicious compliments made the cook his friend, and she invited him into

bookcases opposite the door, lay some fragments of glass and a piece of rubber tubing. There were drops of blood on the foor, and a blood-stained handkerchief lay on a chair. The red table cover that had been on the big library table was missing.

The story told by Mrs. Peterson when the police arrived was that she was startled but not particularly alarmed. She thought her husband might have gone to some other room. But after the house had been searched and no trace of him found, then she was nearly frightened to death, and would have died if the chambermaid had not promptly given her brandy.

Two detectives, who carefully searched the library, found a rumpled sheet of wrapping-

boy dropped his basket and ran towards her. The stout man came nearer, too. The cham-bermaid, a strong Irish girl, seemed to re-cover at this. She threw both arms about the stout man's neck and cried out to the

what the prisoner had said since his arrival and who he really was had not been let out by the police, even if they knew anything, which was doubted. The newspaper reporters worked like beavers, but learned little.

"Mary," he gasped, "I'm surprised at ch conduct, and in the street, too. What The stout man struggled hard to break from the girl's embrace, but he could not. She had taken a hold to stay, and she did. "Mary," he gasped, "I'm surprised at such conduct, and in the street, too. What

arrived with the policeman (Officer Mul-vaney), who seized the stout man by the col-lar, clubbed him lightly, and then demanded what he meant by hitting the "gurrl."

The chambermaid did not give the stout man or any one also a charge of the stout

man or any one else a chance to say a word.
She reeled off the history of Mr. Peterson's
disappearance with a rapidity that confused
Officer Mulvaney, but he, of course, had too
much pride to show it.
One fact impressed him, however, and that was that the stout man was worse than the ordinary prisoner, so he clubbed him again, but it is only fair to say, not very hard. Then he told the chambermaid to come to the Police Court at 8 o'clock the next morning. and dragged the stout man off to the lock-up.

He flung open the station-house door, shoved the stout man in front of the Ser-

geant's desk and said : geant's desk and said:

"Kidnapper."

The Sergeant opened the blotter and proceeded to take the stout man's pedigree.

"What is your name?" he inquired.

"Andrew Peterson." said the prisoner.

"That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the policeman.

off that way.

What the prisoner had said since his ar-

such conduct, and in the street, too. What would your mistress say if she should see you?"

"And the villian knows my name," panted the chambermaid, making her embrace around the stout man's neck all the tighter. "What'll me mistress say. Sure she'll say what have you done with Mr. Peterson."

"Ridiculous," said the stout man, "why I'm"—

It was at this moment that the butcher boy arrived with the policeman (Officer Mulvaney), who seized the stout man by the collar, clubbed him lightly, and then demanded what he meant by hitting the "gurrl."

"But others. He learned that a stout man, wrapped in a red table cover, had called at a second-hand clothing store and bought a suit of clothes there. The clothes he had on were much too small for him and were ripped in the second-hand clothing store and bought a suit of clothes there. The clothes he had on were much too small for him and were ripped in the table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. The also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and soid he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and soid he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He als

an interesting case, and the lawyer, who was both bright and ambitious, determined to make a reputation for hinself if he could. After his first interview with the stout man he seemed pale and worried. He had just seated himself in his office when the reporter who had interviewed the cook called. The lawyer knew him well, for they

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "I'm the most mystified man in the world."
"I'm glad to see you, too," said the reporter. "You're assigned as Doe's counsel in the Peterson murder case, and I want to

Row something about the death of Mr. Peterson?'

'I do not know anything about Mr. Peterson's death,' he went on almost solemnly. He is not dead. I am Andrew Peterson, and am alive, as you can see.'

'My impression was," the lawyer continued, "that the man was crazy or a knave. On the latter supposition, I told him that it was hard to believe that he could be Mr. Peterson when he was not a bit like him, and

"Is It a Murder?" printed a two-column story about the disappearance of Mr. Peterson, who was very light and story about the disappearance of Mr. Peterson, who was very light and shirt with the story about the disappearance of Mr. Peterson, who was very light and shirt was the content of th

the cell again and sat down.

"'I wonder,' be remarked, absently, 'if ever before a man was charged with having murdered himself and stood in danger of being hanged for it. Now,' he added, after a moment's thought, 'I am going to tell you the whole story. It isn't a very probable tale, I own: nor is it one that I should myself be likely to believe if any one told it to me. But,' he said, carnestly, 'I assure you that it is true.'

is true.'
"He picked up a newspaper from the cell fleor, and showed me in it a picture of Mr. Peterson, his description and the reward. Peterson, his description and the reward.

"Please read that description," he said,
and then look carefully at the picture. Before I go into details I intend to call your
attention to a few facts that may make my story more probable.'
''He waited patiently while I read, and

went away.

The dealer said that he seemed much agitated and was bleeding from a wound in his hand. After this all trace of the stout man was lost until his arrest. The police read about the clothing and table cover being in the second-hand clothing store, and went there and got thers.

The cover was identified as that of the library table, and the clothing as that worn by Mr. Peterson when he disappeared. The trial of the stout man was awaited within attence.

John Doe, as the stout man was now called in the newspapers, appeared to be entirely without friends, and a young lawyer was assigned by the Court to defend him. It was an interesting case, and the lawyer, who was an interesting case, and the lawyer, who was a theory of his own regarding the case.

a theory of his own regarding the case.

"This is nothing," continued the lawyer, again mopping his forelead, on which cold sweat stood, "to what he said later. He had sweat stood. "to what he said meer. He had grown excited and again paced the corridor. When he had ealmed down he returned and went on with his narrative." I am Andrew Peterson, he said once

nore. 'I was an only child, and, my parents eing wealthy. I had everything that ought to "That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the policeman.

"Shut up, will you," politely interposed the Sergeaut, who happened to have been at the deak when Mr. Peterson's disappearance was first reported. "Let me get his pedigree."

In answer to other questions, the stout man said he was thirty-four years old, was a commission merchant, born in New York, was married and had a wife and two children. For his residence he gave the address of Mr. Andrew Peterson."

"You say you are Mr. Andrew Peterson."

"In all to see you, "he said. "I'm the most mystified man in the world."

"You're assigned as Doe's counsel in the Peterson murder case, and I want to talk to you about it, too," said the lawyer. "But, understand, what I'm going to tell you now is not for publication. Later it they be used, but not at present."

The young lawyer wiped big drops of perspectively. They was always the did recommended in the New York, was married and had a wife and two children. For his residence he gave the address of Mr. Andrew Peterson."

"I would law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to have made me happy. Other children were idump and healthy look in the lawye than to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to have made me happy. Other children were idump and healthy look in the lawye than to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too," said the remained to law to talk to you about it, too,

The local Steamboat Inspectors rendered a decision to-day in the case of the collision between the steamer City of Brockton and the steamer J. S. Hult, on the second day of the races between the Volunteer and the Thistic. The inspectors decided that no one was to blame for the accident.

"THE LADY" or "THE TIGER?" CHOOSE WISELY.

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Evenings at \$1.5. Matimos Saturday at 2.15.

Characters by Messia, Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards, J. W. Fig. 11, Mos. Punits, Mas North Culon and Mass Rose Coghiata. CHRISTINA'S JATINER Dec. 25.

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TUENDAY ATTERNOON, Dec. 21, at 3, 0'clock.
BATURDAY EVENING, Doc. 31, at 8, 15 o'clock.
SATURDAY EVENING, Doc. 31, at 8, 15 o'clock.
JOSEPH HOFMANN,

accompanied by

MME. HELEND HATREITER.

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